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Crossbreeds



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Chapter 1 by Magdalene

I knew we were in trouble when I heard about the exploding donkeys. Guns, bombs, gas ... doesn't faze us. Exploding donkeys ... bleh.

I had to grab my AR-15, net, vaporizer, disintegrator, and a gas mask. Other kinds of gas doesn't mess with us. Donkey gas. Save me.

I charged outside my bunker, yell a battle cry, only to run into a cloud. And when I say cloud I mean a blueish tint of air full of donkey guts and poisonous gas. This donkey was already dead because it hit the self-destruct button (READ: exploded itself).

I wrinkled my nose. Gross.

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